

Hawthorn Hill
Oakwood
Dayton .. Ohio

Tuesday evening, September 29, 1925

I guess I can't go to bed without writing a line or two to the boy that writes such dear love letters to me. You're pretty sweet to me. Do you know it? Well, I do, dear, and I can't tell you how happy it makes me. I'm apt to get silly and not get any thing said!

Well, well, you went back on my sect, did you, and didn't vote for Mrs. Millikan. You're forgiven this time but when I get you a little more under my thumb you won't make mistakes like that. Will you, dear? I like Grove Patterson but he isn't the kind of an editor you are, dear. He's a little too "hard" for me, and too much of a go-getter. Still he is a good man and, I think, devoted to Oberlin. I don't like all his ideas. You see I got some idea of his general style when we were having meetings of the Campaign Executive Committee. Mr. Patterson was head of the publicity. But I don't want to be too critical of him. I hope Mrs. Millikan will be elected.

About Henry's present. I only thought, dear, he might some day look back on that and wonder a little about it. And, do you know, dear, I believe Charlotte Lincoln has been saying something to him. Maybe not, most likely not, but it looks queer to me—what Henry said. I'll bet he's trying to be as sympathetic with you as you were with him. Mrs. Lincoln has her own thoughts, dear. You may be sure of that. And evidently, she didn't succeed in keeping quite all of them to herself. Oh, I hope Henry will like me and not be unhappy when you tell him.

Does Ollie come on Sunday morning and do things for you? I wonder, when you are going out to dinner. And will you tell me, dear, about the dining room table? What size is it and is it round? I can't quite be sure. You see I'll be wanting to get together a few things for it and I have such a wobbly memory. You know I have a good many things that are mine if I want to claim them but I won't. But a few things I'll take. Orv has always said that the things in my room were absolutely mine but I'd rather leave them here and have the feeling that you spoke about in connection with Henry's room. The rose room, where you always sleep, has two pieces in it that I bought with money I earned when I was teaching—the chiffonier and dressing table. About so many things I have the feeling that they were given to me on account of Will and Orv and I want to leave them—most of them—with Orv, if he likes to have them around. Oh, Harry dear, if I could only have Orv with me, too. Maybe, if I leave him, he will find some one else. I believe, dear, that he hasn't thought of marrying because we had each other. I can't look at it as you do, dear, not quite. All I can judge by is how I would have felt if he had left me. I really don't know what I could have done! The situation in our family has been different from the usual one. For one thing I was the only woman in the family for so long and the family depended upon me in some ways. In other ways I have been singularly free from responsibility. And I have always had such wonderful privileges as a sister. It has been so beautiful and sweet, always. It always will be so, dear. Orv likes you so much and liked

your letter so much yesterday. He brought it home for me to see! It was so interesting, dear. As Frannie said, we three do belong together some way! You see I forgot to say anything about that letter when I wrote last night. I always forget a lot of things. I'm always getting off on a subject to which all roads lead! I think, dear, there is something a little dearer than usual in our loving each other now. It is so sweet, my darling, darling Harry. You mustn't feel too much responsibility for my happiness, dear. You spoke of that. I'll be happy, dear, if I can get Orv taken care of. I want to be with you so much, dear, and I see I want to call you "dear" about every other word! You are so dear and I love you so much. If I could kiss you I would tell you it was sweet.

I'm sorry about Mrs. Sutton. I wrote to Doctor Dick Sunday night. He may have got it this morning, or this afternoon. The mail west is awfully poor, I think. I don't think it does any good to mail a letter early in the day unless you send it Special Delivery. Then they sent it up north to Piqua on the traction and catch some train that doesn't come through Dayton. I never thought of the two letters getting into K.C. or rather to you, so nearly together. I don't like to think of your having all those Sundays alone. You like to drive, don't you, dear? I do, too, but I like to stay home a lot, too! So you see I really sent that letter for Sunday (and you knew it, too) and you "smudged," reading it right away, Saturday morning. But I don't care, dear, when you read it, just so it made you feel as if I were near, which is what I wanted to be. I do want to be with you right now, dear. I know you would kiss me and then when I'd ask you if it wasn't a sweet kiss you'd wrinkle up your forehead and say "so good, dear." I love all your expressions, dear, and it nearly takes my breath away for good when I ask you if you love me "lots" and you say so earnest, "I do. I do." I know you do but I love so to hear you say it. Goodnight, my darling Harry. It is half past eleven again! Goodnight, with the sweetest kiss.

Your

Katharine